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Notices of Meetings in which persons have a pecuniary
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charge. Obituary notices, however, will be charged at 5
cents per line for all over six lines.
All communications for business should be directed to
the proprietor.

From Fraser's Magazine.
AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.
Fair the downward path is spread,
Love and light thy coming greet,
Fruit is blinking o'er thy head,
Flowers are growing beneath thy feet.
Mirth and sin with teasing hands,
Wave thee on a willing prey;
Yet an instant pause—there stands
An angel in the way.
Heed the heavenly warning, know,
Fairest flowers thy feet may trip
Fruit, that like the sunset glow,
Turn to ashes on the lip.
Though the joy she wild and free,
Though the path be pleasant, stay;
Even mortal eye can see
An angel in the way.
With thou down in worldly pleasure,
With thou have, like him of old,
Length of days and store of treasure,
Wisdom, glory, power and gold;
Life and light shall shine on thee,
Want shall grind thee day by day,
Still to win thee, God hath placed
An angel in the way.
Treading all on things that perish,
Shall a hopeless fate be thine?
Earthly joy with thou cherish?
How before an earthly shrine?
Meet rebuke to mortal love,
Learning for a child of clay,
Death shall cross thy path, and prove
An angel in the way.
When the prophet thought to go,
Reminded by his teacher's voice,
When a prince's grace to win,
Prophecy would find have lost,
Even he brake the sage control,
Found a human voice to say
"Master, mine eye is not—Behold
An angel in the way."
So, when Vice to lure her slave,
Voices him down the shining track,
Spirit hands are stretched to seize,
Spirits voices warn him back,
Heart of man to evil prone,
Chafe not at thy sin's delay,
Bow thee humbly down, and own
An angel in the way.

LADIES' SOLIS.—An American, traveling in
England set it down as one of the woman's
rights of that country, that he actually saw la-
dies with *solis*—*solis*—*solis* such as are worn
"I saw one," says the astonished traveler, "who
had a sole between herself and the ground which
was actually half an inch thick! It was a
rainy, muddy day, and she (in her good sense)
had provided for it." Well, the English are an
old people, and perhaps their woman do wear
shoes with soles half an inch thick! But a tra-
veler who has any regard for his own reputation,
had better not report such stories to our Ameri-
can ladies. They certainly will not credit the
statement that English ladies wear such vulgar
things, even when the streets are ankle deep
with mud, snow, or sleet. Colic, cholera, con-
sumption, death itself, could not force them to
adopt such a ridiculous fashion. The right to
wear stout, waterproof boots is, indeed, a male
prerogative which the boldest champion of wo-
man's rights has not yet invaded, so far as our
information extends.—N. E. Farmer.

PURNEY RETURN.—Said once a purse proud
rich man, just getting into his carriage, with
his wife and daughters flaunting in velvet and
furs, to a poor laborer, who was shoveling coal
into his vault:—"How, if you had not drunk rum,
you might now have been riding in my carriage,
for nothing else could have prevented a man of
your talents and education and opportunities,
from making money."

"True enough!" was the indignant reply of
the man, "and if you had not sold rum and drunk
and me and others to drink and become drunk-
ards, you might now have been my driver, for
rum-selling was the only business by which you
ever made a dollar in your life!"

THE CHOLERA.—Dr. Orr of Cumberland, Md.,
in a published paper on the cholera, which so vi-
ciously prevailed in that place last summer, and
which he improved every opportunity to study in
his various phases and phenomena, expresses his
conviction that the disease is primarily and pre-
eminently one of the nervous system; and more
particularly of the sympathetic or ganglionic
system of nerves, the powers of which it de-
presses and paralyzes. The view of the case the
doctor supports by facts presented in numerous
cases which he witnessed.

When Henry Ward Beecher visited this city
to deliver some lectures a year or two since, he
rode from Waterville on the box, when Sam, a
young but favorite driver, was in charge of the
team. Sam drove the team through at the rate
of twelve miles an hour, anticipating by two or
three hours the usual time of arriving. The
proprietor of the line inquired of him the next
day, how he came to drive so fast. "Oh," said
he, "I tell you I had one of the boys on the box,
and he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em
through!"—Bangor Mercury.

Most ladies think it is the summit of misfor-
tune to be ugly. This is a mistake, quite fre-
quently. The chances are, as the world goes,
that homely women are altogether best at heart,
head and soul. A pretty face often presides
over a false heart and a weak head, with the
smallest shadow of a soul.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

By Mrs. H. E. G. ARMY.

"How finely she looks," said Margaret Winne,
as a lady swept past them in the crowd; "I do
not see that time wears upon her beauty at all."
"What, Bell Walters?" exclaimed her compa-
nion. "Are you one of those that think her such
a beauty?"
"I think her a very fine looking woman, cer-
tainly," returned Mrs. Winne, "and, what is
more, I think her a very fine woman."
"Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Hall; "I thought
you were no friends."
"No," replied the first speaker; "but that does
not make us enemies."
"But I tell you she positively dislikes you,"
Margaret, said Mrs. Hall. "It is only a few
days since I knew of her saying that you were
a bold, impudent woman, and she did not like
you at all."
"That is bad," said Margaret, with a smile,
"for I must confess that I like her."
"Well," said her companion, "I am sure I
could never like any one who made such unkind
speeches about me."
"I presume she said no more than she thought,"
said Margaret quietly.
"Well, so much the worse," exclaimed Mrs.
Hall, in surprise. "I hope you do not think
that excuses the matter at all."
"Certainly I do. I presume she has some
reason for thinking as she does, and, if so, it
was very natural she should express her opin-
ion."
"Well, you are very cool and candid about it,
I must say. What reason have you given her,
pray, for thinking you were bold and impudent?"
"None that I am aware of," replied Mrs. Win-
ne, "but I presume she thinks I have. I always
claim her acquaintance, when we meet, and I
have no doubt she would much rather I would
let it drop."
"Why don't you then? I never knew her, and
never had any desire for her acquaintance. She
was no better than you when you were girls,
and I don't think her present good fortune need
make her so very scornful."
"I do not think she exhibits any more haughti-
ness than most people would under the same
circumstances. Some would have dropped the
acquaintance, at once, without waiting for me
to do it. Her social position is higher than
mine, and it annoys her to have me meet her
as an equal, just as I used to do."
"You do it to annoy her, then?"
"Not by any means. I would much rather
she would feel, as I do, that the difference be-
tween us is merely conventional, and might
be for forgotten on the few occasions when
accident throws us together. But she does not,
and I presume it is natural. I do not know
how my head might be turned, if I had climbed
up in the world as rapidly as she had done. As
it is, however, I admire her too much to drop
her acquaintance just yet as long as she leaves
it to me."
"Really, Margaret, I should have supposed
you had too much spirit to intrude yourself upon
a person that you knew wished to shake you
off, and I do not know how you can admire one
that you know to be so proud."
"I do not admire her on account of her pride,
certainly, though it is a quality that sits very
gracefully upon her," said Margaret Winne, "and
she introduced another topic of conversation,
for she did not hope to make her companion
understand the motives that influenced her."
"Bold and impudent," said Margaret to her-
self, as she sat alone in her own apartment. "I
knew she thought it, for I have seen it in her
looks; but she always treats me well externally,
and I hardly thought she would say it. I know
she was vexed with herself for speaking to me
one day, when she was in the midst of a circle
of her fashionable acquaintances. I was par-
ticularly ill-dressed, and I noticed that they
stared at me, but I had no intention, then, of
throwing myself in her way. Well," she con-
tinued, musingly; "I am not to be filled with
one remark. I know her better than she knows
me, for the busy world has canvassed her life,
while they have never meddled with my own;
and I think there are points of contact enough
between us for us to understand each other, if
we once found an opportunity. She stands in
a position which I shall never occupy, and she
has more power and strength than I; else she
had never stood where she does, for she has
shaped her fortunes by her own unaided will.
Her face was not her fortune, as most people
suppose, but her mind. She has accomplished
whatever she has undertaken, and she can ac-
complish much more, for her resources are far
from being developed. Those around her may
remember, yet that she was not always on a
footing with them; but they will not do so long.
She will be their leader, for she was born to
rule. Yes; and she queens it most proudly
among them. It was a pity to lose sight of
her stately, graceful dignity. I regard her very
much as I would some beautiful exotic, and her
opinion affects me about as much as if she were
the flower, and not the mortal. And yet I can
never see her without wishing that the influence
she exerts might be turned into a better chan-
nel. She has much of good about her, and I
think that it needs but a few hints to make life
and its responsibilities appear to her as they do
to me. I have a message for her ear, but she
must not know that it was intended for her."

She has too much pride of place to receive it
from me, and too much self-confidence to listen
knowingly to the suggestions of any other mind
than her own. Therefore, I will seek the soci-
ety of Isabel Walters, whenever I can, without
appearing intrusive, until she thinks me worthy
her notice, or drops me altogether. My talent
lies in thinking, but she has all the life and en-
ergy I lack, and would make an excellent actor
to my thought, and would need no mentor
when her attention was once aroused. My use-
fulness must lie in a humble sphere, but hers
—she can carry it wherever she will. It will be
enough for my single life to accomplish, if, be-
yond the careful training of my own family, I
can incite her to a development of her powers of
usefulness. People will listen to her who will
pay no attention to me; and besides, she has the
time and means to spare, which I have not."

"Everywhere in Europe they were talking of
you, Mrs. Walters," said a lady, who had spent
many years abroad, and adopting your plans
for vagrant and industrial schools, and for the
management of hospitals and asylums. I have
seen your name in the memorials laid before
government in various foreign countries. You
have certainly achieved a world-wide reputation.
Do tell me how your attention first came to be
turned to that sort of thing. I supposed you
were one of our fashionable women, who sought
simply to know how much care and responsibility
they could lawfully avoid, and how high a
social station it was possible to attain. I am
sure something must have happened to turn
your life into so different a channel."

"Nothing in particular, I assure you," return-
ed Mrs. Walters. "I came gradually to perceive
the necessity that there was that some one
should take personal and decisive action in those
things that it was so customary to neglect. Fond
as men are of money, it was far easier to
reach their purses than their minds. Our pub-
lic charities were quite well endowed, but no
one gave them that attention that they needed
and thus evils had crept in that were of the
highest importance. My attention was attract-
ed to it in my own vicinity, at first; and others
saw it as well as I, but it was so much of ev-
erybody's business that everybody let it alone.
I followed the example for a while, but it seem-
ed as much my duty to act as that of any other
person; and though it is little I have done, I
think that, in that little, I have filled the place
designed for me by Providence."

"Well, really, Mrs. Walters, you were one of
the last persons I should have imagined to be
nicely balancing a point of duty, or seeking out
the place designed for them by Providence. I
must confess myself at fault in my judgment of
character for once."

"Indeed, madam," replied Mrs. Walters, "I
have no doubt you judged me very correctly at
the time you knew me. My first ideas of the
duties and responsibilities of life were aroused
by Margaret Winne; and I recollect that my
intimacy with her commenced after you left the
country."
"Margaret Winne! Who was she? Not the
wife of that little Dr. Winne we used to hear
of occasionally? They attended the same church
with us, I believe?"
"Yes; she was the one. We grew up together,
and were familiar with each other's faces
from childhood; but this was about all. She
was always in humble circumstances, as I had
myself been in early life; and, after my mar-
riage, I used positively to dislike her, and to
dread meeting her, for she was the only one
of my former acquaintances who met me on the
same terms as she had always done. I thought
she wished to remind me that we were once
equals in station; but I learned, when I came to
know her well, how far she was above so mean
a thought. I hardly know how I came first to
appreciate her, but we were occasionally thrown
in contact, and her sentiments were so beau-
tiful—so much above the common stamp—that
I could not fail to be attracted by her. She
was a noble woman. The world knows few like
her. So modest and retiring—with an earnest
desire to do all the good in the world of which
she was capable, but with no ambition to shine.
Well fitted, as she was, to be an ornament in
any station of society, she seemed perfectly con-
tent to be the idol of her own family, and known
to few besides. There were few subjects on
which she had not thought, and her clear per-
ceptions went at once to the bottom of a sub-
ject, so that she solved simply many a question
on which astute philosophers had found them-
selves at fault. I came at last to regard her
opinion almost as an oracle. I have often thought
her death, that it was her object to turn
my life into that channel to which she has since
been devoted, but I do not know. I had never
thought of the work that has since occupied
me at the time of her death, but I can see now
how cautiously and gradually she led me among
the poor, and taught me to sympathize with
their sufferings, and gave me, little by little,
a clue to the evils that had sprung up in the man-
agement of our public charities. She was called
from her family in the prime of life, but she
came after her death as surely rise up and
call her blessed. She has left a fine family, who
will not soon forget the instructions of their
mother."

"Ah! yes, there it is, Mrs. Walters. A wo-
man's sphere, after all, is at home. One may
do a great deal of good in public, no doubt, as
you have done; but don't you think that, while
you have devoted yourself so untruly to other
affairs, you have been obliged to neglect your

own family, in order to gain time for this? One
can not live two lives at once, you know."
"No, madam, certainly we cannot live two
lives at once, but we can glean a much larger
harvest from the one which is bestowed upon
us than we are accustomed to think. I do not,
by any means, think that I have ever neglected
my own family in the performance of other du-
ties, and I trust my children are proving, by
their hearty co-operation with me, that I am
not mistaken. Our first duty, certainly, is at
home, and I determined, at the outset, that
nothing should call me from the performance of
this first charge. I do not think anything can
excuse a mother from devoting a large portion
of her life in personal attention to the children.
God has given her. But I can assure you that,
to those things which I have done of which the
world could take cognizance, I have given far
less time than I used once to devote to dress
and amusement. I found by systematizing ev-
erything, that my time was more than doubled;
and, certainly, I was far better fitted to attend
properly to my own family, when my eyes were
opened to the responsibilities of life, than when
my thoughts were wholly occupied by fashion
and display."

SINGULARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Ferdinand II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who
died in 1670, says the Abbe Arnould, in his
Memoirs, was the slave of his health. I have
frequently seen him pacing up and down his
room between two large thermometers, upon
which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed,
unsuccessfully employed in tiding off and putting
on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees
of warmth, of which he had always five or six
in his hand, according to the different degrees of
heat and cold. The Abbe de St. Martin, who,
in the seventeenth century, rendered himself so
ridiculous with his pretensions and manias, al-
ways wore nine skull caps upon his head, to
keep off the cold, with a wig over all, which, by
the way, was always awry and disheveled, so
that his face never appeared to be in its natu-
ral position. In addition to his nine skull-caps
he wore also nine pairs of stockings. His bed
was made of bricks, underneath which was
a furnace, so constructed as to impart the pre-
cise degree of heat he might require; this bed
he used very sparingly, through which the
Abbe used to creep when he retired to rest at
night. The Jesuit Ghezzi, a writer of the eight-
eenth century, used to wear seven skull-caps
beneath his wig. Fourier, a learned mathema-
tician, had returned from Egypt a martyr to rheu-
matism, and with a constant sensation of cold
he suffered dreadfully whenever exposed to an
atmosphere lower than twenty degrees Reaumur;
a servant followed him everywhere with a
mantle, in readiness for any sudden change of
temperature. During the latter years of his
life, exhausted by an asthma from which he had
been a sufferer from his youth, he kept himself
for the purpose of speaking and writing to
his friends, indeed in a species of
box, which permitted no deviation of the body,
and left at liberty only his head and hands.—
Donatello, the Florentine sculptor, who died in
1466, among other singularities, had the habit
of keeping his money in a basket which hung
from a nail in the wall of his room. Into this
basket his workmen and friends used to dip at
discretion. Beethoven, the composer, had two
imperial habits, by judgments, and that of walk-
ing. Scarcely was he installed in an apartment
he would discover some fault in it, and com-
mence looking out for another. Every day, from
dinner, despite rain, wind, hail, or snow, he
would issue forth on foot and take a long and
fatiguing walk. The French astronomer, La
Caille, had contracted the very wearisome hab-
it of reading and writing with one eye only;
the other eye was specially reserved by him for
the purpose of telescopic observation. By this
means, however, he succeeded in obtaining very
interesting results; for instances, he was en-
abled to discern with ease and precision the
height of the stars above the horizon of the sea,
an observation generally very uncertain, on ac-
count of the difficulty of clearly distinguishing the
horizon in the obscurity of night. It does
not appear that any astronomer since his time
has sought to conform himself to so difficult a
practice. Shelley, the poet, took great pleasure
in making paper boats and floating them on the
water. So long as his paper lasted he remained
rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this pe-
culiar amusement. When all the waste paper
was used up, covers of letters was used next,
and then letters of little value, then the fly-
leaves of any volume he happened to have with
him. It is said that once, when on the north
bank of the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, he
found himself without materials for indulging in
his favorite amusement, he having exhausted
his supplies on the round pond in Kensington
gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be
found, save only a bank note for fifty pounds.—
He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He
twisted the note into the form of a boat, with
the extreme refinement of his skill, and commit-
ted it with the utmost dexterity to fortune,
watching its progress, if possible, with more in-
tense anxiety than usual. The north-east wind
gently wafted the costly still to the south bank,
where, during the latter part of the voyage, the
venturous owner had awaited its arrival with
patient solicitude.—*Cassell's Paper.*

The Customs House valuation of the
cigars imported into the United States last year,
was \$2,811,935.

WAR AND ITS EFFECTS UPON TRADE IN ENGLAND.

The Manchester Guardian, one of the ablest
of English provincial journals, has an interest-
ing article on "War and its effects upon trade,"
which we copy. It will be seen that the Guar-
dian does not apprehend that a war with Rus-
sia will very seriously effect English trade and
commerce:
We are afraid it would be to hope against all
probabilities to anticipate that war can now be
avoided. The Western powers have done their
utmost to maintain peace; and the Sultan and
his advisers, even during the time when their
arms were crowned with victory, and when they
appeared to be making rapid strides both in Asia
and in the principalities, have never failed to
listen, with dignity and respect, to the counsels
of the great European powers, acquiescing with
every proposal which was consistent with the
honor and independence of Turkey, with a view
to attain that end. If, therefore, we are to have
war, there can be no misunderstanding as to
who shall be held responsible in the eyes of the
world and posterity. The responsibility which
will rest on the head of the Russian Emperor
will be greater than any one sovereign since
Napoleon has dared to assume. He sets in con-
tradiction to the advice of all his allies, and
even those whose feelings and interests are most
identified with those of Russia. Prussia as well
as England, Austria as well as France, all equally
condemn the course which Russia appears de-
termined, at all hazards to pursue. The butch-
ery at Sinope has obviously brought the ques-
tion of peace or war to the necessity of an im-
mediate decision. The French government has
authoritatively published to the world the orders
for the combined fleets to enter the Black Sea,
consequent upon that event.
The electric telegraph has already announced
the fact, that, at this moment, the combined
fleets of England and France occupy what the
Czar has stated, he regards as a Russian lake.
The object of this step has been openly avowed
by France and England to the Russian court,
to be nothing less or more than to keep the
Russian ships within their own ports, and to
prevent another disaster such as that which oc-
curred at Sinope. Russia has already stated
that she would regard such a movement as a
declaration of war—as an active interference
in the hostilities which are at this moment ex-
isting between that power and Turkey; and
we must own that we cannot see how any other
construction can be placed upon it. If two
states are at open war with each other, it is
impossible to make a distinction between opera-
tions by land and operations by sea. And if
other states take part in the latter, it would
follow that they are immediately implicated as
partisans in the common hostilities. It re-
mains yet to be seen what reply the Emperor
of Russia will return to the notification of
France and England thus made; but both in
Paris and in London it is fully expected that
the Ambassador of Russia will be withdrawn
and open rupture proclaimed. If there remain-
ed any doubt of these consequences following
from the course, there seems to be none with
respect to the treatment which the note sent
by the four powers from Vienna will receive at
the hand of the Russian government.

If, then, war be inevitable, the first and most
important questions to this neighborhood is the
effect which is likely to be produced upon the
commerce of the country. It would be a great
error to judge of the present times by the past.
The impression which the experience of half a
century ago has left upon men's minds as to
the effect of a war upon the trade of the coun-
try would be a very imperfect criterion of what
is to be expected now. At that time a conti-
nental war was synonymous with the closing of
the continental trade. At that time our ships
could not sail to any part of the world except
in fleets under convoy. It is true that these
circumstances were as much the result of the
character of the war as of the existence of the
war itself. But, in both these respects, a war
now undertaken by England and France against
Russia will differ widely as possible from those
which afflicted the war fifty years ago. All the
rest of Europe is now with us. The United
States must sympathize if not co-operate with
us in the struggle against Russia. The Black
and the Baltic seas will be the only portions of
the ocean where our ships may not, during such
a war, pass with as little interruption as they
do now. In the Black Sea even, the only port
which Russia could hold for a week after the
commencement of hostilities will be that of
Sebastopol, where no trade whatever is carried
on. Odessa, on the contrary, the great trading
port, would be in possession of the combined
fleets on our first approach. We shall have as
free an ingress and egress for our merchants
ships as at present. In the Baltic we shall
have equal access, as at present, to every port,
except those of Russia, which will be effectually
blockaded. Whatever naval force, there-
fore, Russia can muster, will be as much com-
mitted to her own ports as if they formed a part
of her terra firma. Beyond the blockading lines
in front of Sebastopol in the Black Sea, and on
the Russian coast in the Baltic, English ships
may trade as safely as they do now. So far, then,
the only portion of our commerce that can pos-
sibly be affected will be that with Russia.

But even with Russia, in the event of war, it
will be difficult, if not impossible, to impend any
part of our trade. The exports may be closed,
but the enormous land frontier will be open.—
Already the high tariff of Russia causes a large
share of the British manufactures consumed in

that country to be smuggled across the land
frontier from Germany. Any further impedi-
ments thrown in the way of trade, by the block-
ade of the seaports, would only increase that
channel of supply. No doubt the cost may be
increased, and the demand may be correspond-
ingly diminished; but those will be evils which
will chiefly fall upon the subject of Russia.—
Again, so far as regards the raw produce which
we require from Russia;—in the first place the
Odessa will be open to us. But, even indepen-
dent of that, we have little fear that the pro-
duce of Russia will not find its way across the
land frontier, into the neighboring province;
and that by means of canal and river navigation,
and by aid of the continental railways, it will
reach our shore in nearly the ordinary quan-
tities.
Still so far as regards the great trading inter-
ests of the country, no war could be undertaken
which could possibly interfere so little with
them. Our great American trade, north and
south, our colonial trade throughout the world,
our Australian, Indian and China trade, and even
our trade with the whole continent of Europe,
that of Russia only partially excepted,—may go
on exactly as heretofore, without the slightest
impediment, and without the slightest increased
risk; while every port belonging to Russia will
be hermetically sealed, and every ship she pos-
sesses with them. No doubt Russia may grant
letters of marque, but it will be difficult to
find those who will be daring enough to make
use of them under the circumstances we have
described.

On the whole, therefore, while we deeply de-
plore the stern necessity which appears to have
come upon us at last, that we must take up
arms in earnest defence of rights common to the
whole of Europe, we are yet satisfied that we
have comparatively little to apprehend that will
be injurious to our trade, in comparison with the
importance of such an event.

Governor of Connecticut.

The Boston Herald relates the following inci-
dent of his early days, when Gov. Pond of
Connecticut, was High Sheriff:—
His Excellency Charles H. Pond, the present
Governor of Connecticut, is now in our city.—
Though seventy years of age, he retains all the
vigors of his early manhood. The sight of him
reminds us of olden times. In our school boy
days he was the High Sheriff. We all took off
our hats to him as he passed through our vil-
lage with his prisoners on the way to "New-
gate." The prisoners always liked him, and
seemed proud to be in his company. One win-
ter's night, in his usual route to State Prison,
he was overtaken by a terrible snow storm.—
The roads were all filled up, and there was no
going ahead, but by a compromise with his
prisoners, three or four of whom he had in the
sleigh, "Boys," said he, "there must be an ap-
peal to your honor. You go forward and clear
the paths, and do not try to run away from me,
and I will give you a grand supper in the best
hotel and a little change of whil, before turning
the key upon you." The boys promptly aided
the Sheriff in this emergency, and, jingling their
ornaments, beat as smooth a path to the peni-
tentiary as ever was trod by a criminal or an
officer of the law. They were hospitably enter-
tained at the public house, and endured their
weary hours even in prison by a grateful remem-
brance of this successful appeal to their honor.

Boy Enterprise.

Boys of energy and enterprise are the boys
who become men of prominence and wealth in
these progressive times. If American boys can
learn the art of taking care of themselves, they
must acquire the "knack of earning their own
bread and butter," of being on the look out
for every "smart chance that may turn up," if
they would be honored men.
When the servant of a friend of ours answered
the door bell, one day last week, she found
a little boy with a shovel on his shoulder, on
the steps.
"I want to put in your coal," said the boy.
"We haven't got any," answered the girl.
"But it's coming," returned the boy.
The servant was puzzled, and she summoned
the mistress, who had no sooner appeared than
the boy nestled her.

"If you please, madam, there is a load of coal
coming to your house. Your husband ordered
this morning. I got the number, and came
ahead of the cart to get the job of putting it in,
if you please!"
Of course, madam could not refuse so enter-
prising a youth, and the job was given him. In
a few minutes, sure enough, the coal was dump-
ed at the door and the little "beaver" was
busily at work. Before he was through eight
boys had come to apply for the same job.

A fair representative of Young America, was
that boy. He may be a millionaire, or he may
be a Congressman or a Cabinet officer, or per-
chance a candidate for the Presidency.

Somebody said in an Eastern magazine, that
the President of the United States, twenty
years hence, was running barefooted in some
Western wild.

A slight mistake. He was a little coal heaver
in Cincinnati.—*Cin. Paper.*

A TENDER FATHER.—A principal in one of our
Public Schools, it appears from the "Leger,"
has been circular to the parents of his pupils,
which, when signed and returned, will authen-
ticate him to "indulge such punishment, corporal
or otherwise," as may in his judgment be prop-
er. The following answer proves that some of
the parents are quite pleased with the idea:—

Dear Mr. Rattan—Your flogging stickler is
duly received. I hope as to my son John, you
will flog him as often as you kin! Heas a bad
boy—is John. Although I've been in the habit
of teachin him myself, it seems to me he will
never learn anything—his spellin specially is al-
tragsitly deficient. Wallop him wel, sur, and
you will receive my hearty thanks.
Yours truly,
MOSAS SPANKER.

P. S. Wat accounts for John bein sich a
bad schollered, is that hes my sun by my wife's
first husband.—*Spirit Times.*

THEODORE PARKER.

Fanny Fern went recently to hear Theodore
Parker, who entertains an audience every Sab-
bath day at the New Music Hall. Her im-
pressions derived from the occasion are thus
stated:

"Do you call this a church? Well, I heard
a great singer here a few nights ago, and bright
eyes sparkled, and waving ringlets kept time to
moving fans, and opera glasses and ogleing, and
fashion and folly reigned for this once trium-
phant. I can't get up any devotion here, under
these latticed balconies, with their fashionable
freight. If it was a good old church, with a
cracked bell and unbewn rafters, a pine pulpit,
with the honest sun starting through the win-
dows, a pitch pipe in the gallery, and a few
hob-nailed rustics scattered round on the un-
comforted seats, I should feel alright; but my
soul is in fetters here—it won't soar—its wings
are earth-crushed. Things are all too fine.—
Nobody can come in at the door whose hat and
coat and bonnet are not fashionably cut. The
poor man (minus a Sunday suit,) might lean on
his staff in the porch a long while, before he'd
dare venture in, to pick up the crumbs of the
bread of life. But, thank God, the unspoken
prayer of penitence may wing its way to the
eternal throne, though our mocking church
spires point only with aristocratic fingers to the
rich man's heaven."

That hymn was beautifully read, there is po-
etry in the preacher's soul. Now he takes his
seat by the reading desk—now he crosses the
platform and offers his hymn book to a female
who has just entered. What right has he to
know there is a woman in the house? It isn't
clerkly. Let the bonnets find their own hymns.
Well, I take a listening attitude, and try to
believe I am in church. I hear a great many
original, a great many startling things said. I
see the gauntlet thrown at the dear old ortho-
dox Calvinistic sentiments which I nursed in
my mother's milk, and which (please God)
I will cling to till I die. I see the polished blade
of satire glittering in the air, followed by curi-
ous, eager, youthful eyes, which gladly see the
searching "Sword of the Spirit" parried. Mean-
ing glances, smothered smiles, and approving
nods, follow the witty clerical rally. The or-
ator pauses to mark the effect, and his face says,
"That stroke tells!" and so it did, for the "Athe-
mians" are not all dead, who "love to see and
hear some new thing." But he has another
arrow in his quiver. How his features soften—
his voice is low and thrilling, his imagery beau-
tiful and touching. He speaks of human love;
touches skilfully a chord to which every heart
vibrates, and stern manhood is struggling with
his tears as his smiles are chased away.

O, there's intellect there, there's poetry there
—there's genius there; but I remember Gethse-
mane—I forget not Calvary! I know the
"rocks were rent," and the "heavens darkened,"
and "the stone rolled away," and a cold chill
strikes to my heart when I hear Jesus of Nazareth
lightly mentioned.

O, what are intellect, and poetry, and genius,
when with Jewish voice they cry, "Away with
him!"

With "Mary," let me bathe his feet with my
tears, and wipe them with the hairs of my
head.

And so I went away sorrowful that this
human preacher, with great intellectual pos-
sessions, should yet lack the "one thing need-
ful."

The Pulpit and Cushion.

Rev. Zebuliel Adams at one time exchanged
with a neighboring minister—a mild, inoffensive
man—who, knowing the peculiar bluntness of
his character, said to him, "You will find some
panes of glass broken in the pulpit window,
and possibly you may suffer from the cold.—
The cushion, too, is in a bad condition; but I
beg you not to say anything to any people on
the subject, they are very poor, &c. "Oh, no!
oh, no!" says Mr. Adams. But before he left
home he filled a large bag with rags, and took
it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a
short time, feeling somewhat incumbered by the
too free circulation of the air, he deliber-
ately took from the bag a handful of rags, and
stuffed them in the windows. Towards the
close of his discourse, which was more or less
upon the duties of a people towards their clergy-
man, he became very animated and purposely
brought down both feet upon the pulpit cush-
ion with a tremendous force.

The feathers flew in all directions, and the cush-
ion was pretty much used up. He instantly
checked the current of his thoughts, and simply
exclaimed, "Why, how these feathers fly!"
proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not
addressing the society upon the subject, but had
taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood.
On the next Sabbath, the window and cushion
were found in excellent repair.—

